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side by side with clerks. The Viennese goes on his way untroubled and finds his own pleasures. If he feels hot he takes his coat off, if he has an itch in his legs he dances, if he likes the look of a girl, he courts her; if he feels he wants to drink, he drinks. He is always human, always without embarrassment, a quality which he has saved from the wealth of imperial days and preserved for these days of impoverishment."

VIENNA SPECIALITIES: Many foreigners have believed that Austrian cooking is the best, the most nourishing and the most piquant. The English are content with roast beef, the French with roast mutton, ragout or a few pies, the Italians with stracchino and spaghetti. Russia has her nourishing herb soups with meat balls, the Hungarian his paprikagulyas, the Dane his buckwheat and cream. But the Viennese is interested in the multiplicity of the dishes. On great occasions he expects to see every bird from blackcock to pigeon, and every fish from trout to tunny on the festive board. In Viennese cooking the condiments are not emphasized and meat is served more à la nature. The Englishman is fond of Worcester Sauce, the Hungarian of red paprika, the Frenchman favours various spices and mayonnaises, but the Viennese prefers the natural taste of the meat. The Viennese cuisine also knows how to combine the favourite dishes of all these nations in its menu, for Vienna has learnt the art of international cooking.

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Among the bakers' specialities the first to be mentioned must be the Vienna roll. These have a history, for the Emperor Friedrich IV had the first rolls of the type called "Semmel" baked in 1487 with his portrait stamped on them, and gave one to each of the children who were called together in the city moat. Since then, the rolls have born the name of "Kaisersemmeln". Two hundred years later the "Kipfel" was baked in the crescent form of the Turkish sabres, being at first called "Mond" and later "Gipfel" (peak) after the spire of the Stephansturm which in those days carried a crescent at the top; the soft letter "G" was later changed to the crisp-sounding letter "K". The Vienna Bretzel also made its appearance about this time and was gradually followed by the salt "Stangerl", the "Girafferl", the "Schnecken" and the brioches.

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Another Vienna speciality is the Vienna "Faschingskrapfen" (a glorified doughnut). This was invented in the year 1615 by a luxurious confectioner named Cäcilie near the Peilertor, where the Naglergasse now runs. In those days it was called "cillikugel" in her honour. Not until thirty years later was it improved through

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the addition of a jam filling. A Krapfen broken in half and given by a girl to the young man with whom she was in love was considered as a token of engagement. In Vienna there was many a well-known Krapfen house, and during the carnival period of 1815 alone, eight to ten million Krapfen were eaten.

Another simpler home-made sweet of which Vienna has made a speciality is the Zwetschkenknödel, or damson dumpling. Once when Prince Metternich sat deep in conversation with the Czar Alexander I and Talleyrand, the Ambassador of Saxony thought they were having a highly political discussion. Softly and quietly he approached, all ears. He was greatly disappointed, for the Austrian Chancellor was explaining to his eager listeners the recipe for the original Vienna "Zwetschkenknödel".

Apart from these damson dumplings, in which the damson is enclosed in a paste made from finally mashed potato or flour, dusted with golden-yellow roasted breadcrumbs, and afterwards served warm and covered with castor sugar, there are many other kinds of Knödel, perhaps the favourite being the juicy apricot Knödel.

A combination of pastry and fruit is a favourite type of sweet served in Vienna households. There are, for instance, the Apfelstrudel of flaky pastry and luscious filling and the Cherry Strudel. The best of all strudels, however, is Cream Strudel with a filling of sweet curds, cream and currants which must surely appeal to every palate.

We are indebted to Metternich for a further speciality, the "Sachertorte". The story goes that at a special banquet, the prince wished to give his guests something absolutely new and of exquisite delicacy for the occasion. This founder of the House of Sacher then created that cake which has since then gone triumphantly round the whole world. The guests of the Prince were as delighted with the cake as are its countless admirers still today. Shipments have been sent by 'plane to England, America, India and even to Japan. The Sachertorte has won premiums as a supreme Vienna achievement at countless international exhibitions of cooking. It is as much at home on the royal table at Buckingham Palace as it is at a ceremonial dinner of the President of the French Republic or in the cunningly-devised menu of an Indian Maharajah. This cake is a well-planned composition and none of the attempts to imitate it have been successful. Form and colour are characteristic. Its flavour is delicate, blended, mild, not too sweet; it is not too soft, not too dry and not too spongy. It melts on the tongue and has the great advantage of

keeping well, for it stays fresh for at least two weeks without any sign of staleness.

Fried chicken and Wiener Schnitzel have become typical Viennese dishes. At home the Viennese is content with an omelette for his "Gabelfrühstück" (elevenses or second breakfast—first breakfast is only coffee and rolls) but away from home he demands a small portion of "Kaiserfleisch", an "Einspänner" (sausage) or "Krenfleisch" (meat with horse-radish). Baked ham is also a speciality of Vienna cooking.

"Beinfleisch" (boiled beef served with the bone), ribs and the "Tafelspitz" (another cut of boiled beef) have also often been designated as national dishes of the Phäaken people on the grey "blue Danube". This is true if one is thinking only of favourite weekday dishes.

It is characteristic of the Austrian to hit upon one particular place for each of his favourite dishes, where he has decided that it is prepared to perfection. Thus a true "Wiener" will willingly take the trouble of going all the way to Thallern because fried chicken can be eaten at their best there. In Breitenfurt, near Mauer, on the other hand, they make the best "Millirahmstrudel". For a lucullan banquet of crayfish you must go to Prohaska's restaurant in the Prater.. The place to eat roast goose where the slice from the breast is crispest is the Schottenkeller. For variety in cooking, especially for a wide range of cold dishes, the Rathauskeller is recom-

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